

Posted November 26, 2022 -

Hello, my name is Miles, but I go by Mike. My therapist keeps telling me I need to write about what happened if I ever want to get better. I warned him that nobody would believe me (since I know he doesn't believe me, why would he?), and he said it doesn't matter if nobody believes me, as long as the truth is out there. So, here I am now.

Back in 2016, I was one of the first to get *Sun and Moon*. I was 12. It was my all-time favorite game; I spent weeks playing it. But, eventually, it got boring. I wanted something fresh; something new. I had already beaten the game twice. I didn't want to play anymore, so I trashed it. Big mistake.

A few months ago, my little sister Abby bought a cheap, used copy of *Sun and Moon*. I remembered when I used to play the game, and I warned her that after a while, it could get boring. Of course, like any 8 year old, she didn't listen to me. We took a family picture outside since mom thought it would look nice, and hung it up on the wall. After we got home, she booted up the game, and... well, something strange happened. She became quiet, which was unlike her. She was always talking; mom said she was probably just going through something. I knew better.

Two weeks later, Abby started... mumbling to herself. She wouldn't let me near her. I would try to talk to her, but she wouldn't hear me. Her eyes looked as if they were widening. She would stay in her room, all day. Mom and dad didn't even seem to notice she existed anymore. She wouldn't stop playing that game. One day, I had enough. The game had to go.

Two weeks ago, I snuck into her room, and started looking for the game. She was still holding it, even in her sleep. The screen was off as I approached her. But, when I was just about to grab it from her, the screen turned on. I saw my old team; Incineroar, Mimikyu, Golisipod, Snorlax, Bewear, and Turtonator. Abby, whose eyes were closed, shot open. She slowly sat up, and thrust the game into my hands. She smiled, a creepy sort of smile that sends shivers down someone's back the moment they see it. She tilted her head to the side, and said four simple

words; “they miss you, brother.” Then, she closed her eyes and fell backwards on the bed. I was freaked out, so I dropped the game and ran to my room, slamming the door shut behind me.

The next morning, I went to go check on her. Her room had been cleared out. No bed, no toy box, just tons of boxes filled with old junk. I went up to mom and asked her where Abby was. She seemed confused. I asked again, and she said nothing. I went to my dad and asked him where my sister was. His response terrified me.

“What do you mean? You don’t have a sister. Are you okay?” My eyes widened. I ran to the picture on the wall. In place of Abby, there was a dog. It had a collar. After looking closer, I read the words “it’s your fault”. I went to Abby’s bedroom, and saw my old copy of *Sun and Moon* laying on the ground where Abby’s bed used to lay. I grabbed a sledgehammer and smashed it. I have now vowed never to touch another Pokemon game again.

Mom and dad sent me to get checked out; there was nothing wrong with me. I knew it already. It wasn't me; it was that game. Everywhere I go, I see Pokemon. All I can think about is that creepy smile. The words she said still, to this day, repeat in my head; "they miss you, brother."

Posted November 27, 2022 -

I can't handle it anymore. I can't go on. Anyone reading this, know my story. Share it to everyone. Let them know what happens when you abandon something, even if it's as small as a game.

Posted November 28, 2022 -

We regret to inform you that, unfortunately.....

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Suggestions or reactions? Put them here!

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